

## Blood Host

Scar the Martyr

In the shade, darkened gaze, every color, it's dismay  
Arid sky, it turns to grey, threshold of desertion.  
Crimson shards, take their shape, to infect each passageway  
Penetrate them into space, There is no survival

With every word you say, the spew that you create  
and every smile you fake, you only want to suck me dry  
With every breath I have, until there's nothing left  
I'm gonna live until you suffocate and watch you die  
(Contents Under Pressure)

Recreate, Purge the hate, internal thoughts manipulate  
Null & void, it turns to waste, submission: a diversion  
Stark & stale, it rots away, like the sickness it creates  
Left hand path that leads the way, record all our transgressions

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You've dealt the damage done,  
You make your living on the blood of another host  
Or maybe not enough...  
You're seeking refuge in the arms of another ghost  
(Contents Under Pressure)

You're so predictable, a parasite of sorts  
You build me up to bring me down  
You'll never watch me fall, the boughs of flesh is all  
You'll ever claim to take this time.

You suffer well, it serves you well  
You'll burn in hell, and perish in the dust  
DUST

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